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25 P.

EIGHTH INTER—IIT SPORTS MEET

The Eighth Inter-IIT Meet was held in Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, from 28th December through 31st December 1970. Madras won the coveted General Championship, with a tally of 68 points, and Kanpur came second, with 40 points. Delhi, Kharagpur and Bombay tied for the third place with 24 points each.

Now, for the details of the Meet (in collaboration with Partisan Sporting News Agency)

THE OPENING CEREMONY

The Opening Ceremony of the Eighth Inter-IIT Meet went off well, meaning there were no violent incidents to speak of. For the benefit of those who want the particulars, here is the report. There was an impressive (?) march-past of the contingents from all the IITs. The Chief Guest, Major General Prakash Singh Grewal took the salute and declared the Meet open. Then came the fireworks with balloons haunting the skies, pigeons running amuck, and the announcer trying to explain it all. The Vote of Thanks was delivered by the General Secretary Shri Nauzer Mehta, who, incidentally, was awarded an honorary professorship with compliments from the announcer's pit. That, apparently, put the crowd in good humour, and the race was on for the coveted General Championship trophy.



Ram Kumar Menon in action

THE FIRST DAY

On the first day, Madras forged ahead with determination in most of the games, and in Athletics, in which they hoped to come second. Madras made a clean sweep of Triple Jump, Pole Vault, and 110 m Hurdles to lead the field in Athletics. A keen tussle was observed in the Volleyball courts in the semi-finals between Bombay and Madras. The first game was won by Madras at 15-7. In the second game, after holding the match-point at 14-11, Madras were shocked by a determined Bombay team to lose 16-14. Third game saw Bombay within sight of victory with a runaway lead of 10-4. But the Madras team equalled at 11 all and went on to win 15-13. Kanpur were sent on a leather-hunt in the Basketball semi-finals event by Madras, who were all over the court, forcing the pace. Krishnan was the star of the game, scoring 27 points. Jain and Mathews excelled for Bombay with 16 and 12 to their credit. In the end Madras vanquished Kanpur 69-45. In Weight-lifting, Prabaker of Madras scored a victory over Lal Singh of Kanpur with a total lift of 345 lb and a weight ratio of 7.76. In the medium-weight class, Om Vikas of Kanpur edged out T. K. Ganapathy of Madras with a total lift of 440 lb and a body-weight ratio of 8.19. S. Dabholkar walked away with the heavy-weight class championship, lifting 495 lb. The Footer match between Madras and Delhi was unresolved, thanks to a fantastic display of goal-keeping in real acrobatic style, by the Delhi goal-keeper, R. Ganguly. Later Madras earned a walk-over from Delhi who were short by about six of their regular players. In Table Tennis, Bombay beat Madras 5-3 as expected, since the Madras team was nothing to rave about. T. K. Ganapathy of Madras was adjudged 'Mr IIT' for the year 1970-71.

THE SECOND DAY

Madras was still ahead in Athletics at the end of the second day. They had managed to enter the finals in five games, while Kanpur and Kharagpur followed with three each. Madras, with luck playing in their favour, defeated Kanpur 2-0 in their hockey semi-finals. The Kanpur team showed fine team work with a number of finely executed moves. Their forwards, though aggressive at times, were nonetheless efficient. Madras on the other hand played an inferior brand of hockey as a team. Chandrasekhar of Madras made a couple of solo runs to the goal both of which paid off earning a win for Madras and an entry into the finals. In the other semi-finals, Kharagpur sneaked in home with an 1-0 victory over unlucky Delhi in the second half of the second extra time. A Tewanian



Edwin Srinivasan, the badminton ace from IIT-M

scored the goal for Kharagpur. Madras beat Delhi 3-0 in the Tennis semi-finals. Madras, the favourites, proved too good for their opponents. Kanpur made it into the finals beating Kharagpur 3-0. Kanpur beat Bombay 5-2 and entered the finals of the Table Tennis championship. Kharagpur was the other team to make it to the finals. Delhi qualified to meet Madras by beating Bombay 64-36 in another basketball semi-final of the day. Kanpur entered the volleyball finals beating Kharagpur 15-8, 15-12. Madras renewed their bid for the Badminton championship by beating Bombay 3-1 in the semi-finals. Delhi qualified to meet Madras by beating Kharagpur in the other semi-finals. In the Track and Field events, proven champions held on to their places. Narender Kumar of Madras won the Javelin Throw and 440m Hurdles. Daljit Singh won the Shot Put event by a lengthy margin and Richard D'Souza won the 1500 m. finals in a record-breaking performance.

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10 and 11

A VERY SHORT STORY

WHAT DOS SANTOS DES ROMEIROS DIE MENSCHEN DOES, THIS SIDE OF THE MEXICAN BORDER

And there was this man. A dirt-brown face showing glinting eyes, a long, well formed nose on a cruel, yet friendly mouth. And when this visage smiled (as in the WANTED posters), the fiery eyes pulled up the muscles from underneath throwing up a row of furrowed ridges around the area, while exposing the gleaming rows of teeth, again evident in the above posters. A cigar quivered in their midst.

In the heart of the desert, where the shaking rock (of Mackenna fame) stands and the turtle rock (of Lone Ranger fame) broods, I met him. Known very affectionately as Dos Santos des Romeiros die Menschen, to his buds and officially filed at the local Polizza as El Slunking Pedro, he sat there, quiet, under the shade of an overhanging cliff, while two of his aides poked around on a dying fire, over which the coffee had brewed.



"I FIRED A SHOT OR TWO AT THE Distant TURTLE"

Not meaning to frighten them out of their peace, I fired a shot or two at the distant turtle and the bandidos chief came running into my arms, kissing me all over. Boy, he must really dig the small paragraphs on the last page of the Saturday edition of our newspaper, where I write under my pseudonym. What surprised me most was that never in my splindiest dream had I ever fancied Dos Santos to be overtly brilliant and flip his lid over the prominent scores in the John Players league, back home in England, wherefrom I proudly originate.

Associates everywhere had cautioned me of his mischief. His favourite pastime, it was said was to bother the brick of your mind, all the time slinking behind your back, having one hand of his in one of his back pockets, the other hand of his again in another of his back pockets (he had two of each and was never all that dumb). But that don't bug me. Only I don't appreciate no slinking palms down my own back pocket and up again.

He slunk and slunk, at least I imagined he slunk, for, all this time he was behind my back and I was in mortal fear of turning round, only to find the cigar in his mouth, for it was generally known that anyone caught in the act of sighting the brigand with a cigar in his mouth, does not live to see the next smoke ring wasting out which I guess follows immediately after.

After about half an hour of this tense impasse, during which my guts had turned to paper, the contents of my bowels, now wetting my pants, back pockets and all, he relented. He came round a full half circle, smiled enigmatically, not unpleasantly, and elipsed again. He came round once more. He went round and round.

One.

Two.

Three.

I started all over again in German (Courtesy Schulz Griesback)

Ein.

Zwei.

But no.

He never stopped.

From Here and There

(CHIEFLY FROM HERE)

Shaw:

Once there was a man, Shaw George Bernard Shaw. He wrote many plays. He wrote prefaces as well. (Infinitely better, perhaps). It was what we call an iconoclast. He liked to break images or values (twisting them on the sly) current then and derived great pleasure out of it. He wrote a play called Saint Joan, all about Joan d'arc and praised her so much and made out that the whole of churchdom with all its associates and affiliates would look foolish, positively silly, if she were not canonised. She was.

I:

I hold that Shaw wrote his marathon prefaces because he felt that he was under no obligation to defend himself on equivocal matters, indeed if he felt any twitches of conscience, he normally thrashed out a few novel arguments, necessarily silly, with equally flashy examples, in excellent prose, one must admit, which would fool nobody but a hopeless thinker.

The Test:

The question was to write an appreciation of one of the scenes in St Joan. I appreciated it all I could. I always had thought that appreciation implied a careful evaluation, which it is, and finding nothing extra-ordinary in the way Shaw wrote, said so, in so many words.

The Sequel:

But, it seemed that there were certain schools of thought, where ideas were pre-fabricated, values pre-weighed, and common sense precluded. Values would not change even with time. Time makes poetry out of a battle-field. It also turns mineral water into excrement at a much faster rate.

And how were my ideas?

audacious
callous
disgusting
impertinent
my! my! (what?)
oh, my! (not again!)

perverted

revolting.

(In alphabetical order, please)

S ANANTH

ANANTH SESHADRI.

The Untippable Taxiwallah

The other day I looked at the sky. It looked fair enough to see a movie in town. So I pedalled up to the gate and there I hailed a cab. The passing taxis passed but one of them, which happened to be empty, stopped.

'Blue Diamond,' I said.

In less than ten minutes, we were at the destination. I got out. The meter read 2.95. I handed three rupee notes.

'Sorry, sir. I don't accept tips,' said the taxiwallah.

I ransacked my wallet, there wasn't enough change. He too didn't have that elusive bit of aluminium.

He said, 'Don't worry, sir. We can get it changed in that shop.' It was just a hundred yards away but in a side alley.

He took me to the shop. To my misfortune it was a holiday for the shopkeeper. The bourgeois.

'Don't worry, sir. If not this shop, there are many more I know.'

So saying he reversed the vehicle. One cop came running and told us that the lane was one-way.

So the driver drove straight. We didn't seem to encounter any side roads for half a mile.

I looked at the meter. It read 3.60. I got a shock. 'Hey, stop the vehicle,' I said angrily.

'Sure, saab... but have you got three rupees and sixty paise?'

'Then stop the meter at least.'

'How can I do it, sir? It is against the rule to take a customer without charge.'

I didn't know in which part of the city we were, but our taxiwallah did not seem to lose hope.

'I know a girl in the post office who will definitely change the note for me,' He said.

He flew straight to yonder post-office. He came back in a while to announce miserably that his girl-friend is a ditch, she's gone for lunch.

I looked at the meter. It read 4.35. I got down annoyed.

I told him, 'You, loyal cabbymen. Drive me just until the meter reads 5.00. I'll get down, and you can go in peace.'

'Very nice, saab.'

We reached the five-rupee destination. I got down and coughed a fiver.

'Hey! how do I get to Blue Diamond?'

'Ulley Yerunga Samv,' he said.

I got in. I just looked around to admire the environment. I was in front of the Institute gate where I had got in previously. And Kanchenchanga was crashing in. Before I could return to my normal senses, the driver started his taxi and proceeded towards Blue Diamond. In less than ten minutes we were at the destination. The meter read exactly 2.95.

S PADMANABHAN.

PERSONALITIES

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PROF IN AERONAUTICS!

A drowsy afternoon class and a smart aleck raises his hand, 'But Sir, why can't it work in reverse too?' A little respectful silence and the answer comes back loud as a bomb 'Er aah I mean I mean I don't know' Well, it is hardly a good introduction for a big man in your Department. Not a good introduction for any big man anywhere except Mr Balamann.

'We teachers are not great demogods or something. You guys probably know more than we do about tons of things' he said, over a cup of coffee at the Knick-Knack. 'What the hell, after all, we are human too.' A refreshing change from lots of people we know, I thought to myself—there are guys over here for whom a question is synonymous with a personal insult.

It's different with Mr Balamann, however, whose candour turns conversation which may be embarrassing for him into conversation which may be embarrassing for us. Forthright is the big word in his lexicon. 'Yes,

this is the first time I am being interviewed and I am terribly thrilled' So we went to Knick-Knack to celebrate.

For all the unfortunate masses who have yet to meet Mr Balamann, he is the grand, roly-poly, smiling Assistant Prof from the Aero Dept, whose shirts can provide shelter for an entire pygmy tribe. Apparently, he was pretty lean till he was eight, when he had a bout of typhoid, after which he blew up like a hot-air balloon. 'I was called "Fats" in school and, man, it hurt. The first three days I went back and cried but then I realized it was 'nt much good' he said. So he decided to participate in every sport that he came across and wound up doing the 100 m in 22 secs flat. But he would finish. 'I guess that's what helped me in life' he mused later. 'You could call me self-made.'

A Hindu High student, he joined the Aeronautics course at Madras Institute of Tech, when Aeronautics was still in its infancy. He graduated, went to Purdue for his

M S where he became Secretary of the Indian Students' Association. A very quotable quote—his Professor at Purdue told him 'Balamann, you won't make a good engineer. Why don't you do business management or something?' Looking back, Mr Balamann feels his Professor may have been right. Right now, he says, his job is more management than engineering oriented. He did a little stunt at HAL but joined IIT as soon as the HF 24 project got bogged down.

After picking our way through his biography, we assaulted him with more interesting stuff like—'Why is teaching so bad at IIT?' 'Is it?' he asked in mock surprise—but candidly admitted that a lot of people who taught undergraduates were more keen about getting their M S and Ph Ds than preparing well for a good lecture. 'That is the trouble with IIT' he said 'too many Lecturers for undergraduate courses aren't even interested

(Continued on page 6)

CARICATURE



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Ramu, Ramgopal Sharma, Gun, is a bloke in the final year who is in the Department of Chemical Engineering of this little engineering mill of ours. He is the captain of the cricket team, was the representative of his class and, to add to this already impressive list of accomplishments, is the self-appointed voice of the OAT crowd. About this voice of his, more anon.

Ramu is not, as many people, misled by his name, Sharma, think, a citizen born north of the Vindhya but a genuine, honest-to-goodness Madras. He belongs to that city which has given many a fine cricketer to this country, viz. Bangalore, and studied in that sterling institution, the Bishop Cotton's Boys' High. It was here that his skill in cricket came into existence and was recognized by his being appointed the captain of Cotton Eleven Cricket, by the way, is Ramu's greatest love. Although definitely not averse to the wiles of the fair sex, it is cricket which occupies pride of place in his bosom. The only times he sees the blues are when cricket lets him down. His nightmares consist of matches in which he is out for a duck, fails to get a single wicket, and finds that his team has been defeated by eight wickets. The saddest event of his life is the time when, in seven consecutive matches, he was out lbw. Since then lbws have been a sore subject with him. Whenever any of his players feel that the spectacle of their captain breathing fire through his nostrils will do them good, they ask him solicitously about the lbw front and run—fast!

Coming to his physical endowments, Ramu is a slim, tall individual, fully equipped for life with one no 5 pair of arms, legs etc. His cheeks bear evidence of a bout with smallpox bacterium and his upper lip bears a moustache. His eyes are permanently red. There are two theories to account for this fact. One

holds that Ramu doesn't sleep, the other that Ramu is a secret drinker. The latter school of thought is dying out due to lack of concrete evidence. These, however, are not quite all. There still remains his voice, which is of the loud (like, real loud, man) variety, as the punctured eardrums of guys unwise enough to sit next to Ramu during entertainments at the OAT, will testify. Ramu's throat is apparently made, not of the regulation flesh and tissue, but of steel. He acquired his nickname 'Gun' in Cotton's, because of the fact that when leading his team on the field he invariably gave vent to a huge war-cry of 'Come on Cotton's' which shook all the window panes for miles around. When he laughs, which, since he has a lively sense of humour, is often, the person facing him finds himself looking into a dark cavern at the far end of which two pink tonsils vibrate with alarming haste. The sound that issues forth on such occasions would make any Noise Abatement Society quiver with horror.

Ramu's life has been, I believe, a chequered one. Ever since he was a kid he has been in and out of one scrape or the other. The exact nature of these scrapes will however, be denied to *Campastimes* and its eager readers because when your reporter asked one of his classmates to disclose an episode or two, the gent declined to do so. He valued his life, he said, and would not answer for it if Ramu got wind of the fact that he had been the one who had told all. However, one should not imagine from this that Gun is necessarily violent or hot-headed.

He is in fact a very pleasant and interesting and good-humoured guy. When he leaves, which since he is in his final semester, is soon, the Institute will be losing a fine cricketer and a great personality.

SRI

THE OAT SYNDROME

It is time one realized that ideas are not politics. They have a high mortality rate. Especially in the IIT, as any impartial observer is bound to notice during cultural sessions at the OAT. Hiccking is as much a part of the OAT as Gajendra Circle is of *Campastimes*. The IITian has carried the letting off of steam too far and has convinced himself that it is really essential. He does not bother to give purposeful reasons in his defence.

That he is not over-worked can be seen from some simple mathematical computations. Working at 39 hours a week consisting of 168 hours, of which 56 to 60 hours can be relegated to legitimate sleep, he has on his hands a little more than hundred hours, leading to a formidable ratio of nearly 2:1 of non-working and working hours. Clearly no sensible reason can be attributed to the claim of bottled up frustration. The OAT, at any rate, need not be the dumping ground.

The Inter-Hostel Entertainment binge provokes the most sanguine of instincts, ranging also from the mean arts of sycophantry, to a more sophisticated one of single-stage rocketry, of course fortified with the usual measure of vocal dysentery of yelling, laughter, complaints and sniggers. The sincere performers, poor souls, are up against some of 'the most enlightened of the elite set'.

The typical IITian breathes air in, and airs out. Not very consciously perhaps, he is trapped in his own making. He clings desperately to this flimsy atmosphere in fear, in defence. Jealousy brings out the worst kind of instincts in man. Envy is the cause which he so carefully tries to conceal. The different culture he thinks he has raised, is enough to justify his acts in a very corny sense. What he is not capable of understanding, he condemns. For all the airs he would like to display, he is mediocre. Any superior act by others goads him to jealousy, anger, and finally to condemnation. The feeling of impotence causes frustration and above all the thought of another person having done one better, shatters him. He cannot stand it.

In the other case, when the show is really below the mark, he turns magnanimous, applauds lustily, would like it to sound really cynical. As long as his ego is not touched, he is safe. This puts him in the more generous of his moods, and very condescendingly, almost out of pity, he cheers, hiding all the time under the pretence of sarcasm.

Pity is despicable more so when it comes from people themselves to be pitied. No one wants pity. It is the feeling in man, very harmful, very dangerous. It lives.

What the IITian is not prepared to accept, is the shameful fact that after all these years of carefully cultivated mannerisms and tastes, his core is still primitive, his sense of humour not very different from the generally accepted value. Pierce his airs and expose him as the hollow crushed wind he really is, and he would meekly scuttle off to the lesser postures where he could still masquerade under the same artifice. A few foolishly stubborn might brand the inquisitor a pseudo-intellectual, a snob, a dilettante. One has to humour them for their own sake.

S. ANANTH.

(* Hah!—Ed.)

Egomaniac

What's this marvel
In whose wonder I
constantly be,
The only object of
adoration,
My only source of
inspiration,
A bird, a butterfly,
a bee?
Guess again, honey,
—coz it's ME

IFTKHAAR AHMED

(Somewhere in the last Volume, there was a piece entitled, 'Down With the Big Shots' Nothing, as the Twenty-Years After man says, follows as naturally as a sequel. So here it is, ladies and gentlemen, and I do hope you'll enjoy reading about the further exploits of our punfully elusive anti hero, Willie Wartaars, in this Institute of National Importance.)

Dedicated to the Roaming Evangelist who has such a lot to do with this

PROLOGUE

The Willie Wartaars scandal did not end with that crucial decision to banish the big shots out of this campus. There were the minor flare ups which usually follow a display of fireworks and the men up there found it rather easy to look the other way. But trouble came when the Institute re-opened after summer vacation. They asked for it, of

Reg Listen, your quaint views on the subject are not welcome. Give us the dope and beat it, you dumb rascal! I could strangle your neck till you're dead, no kass

Dee Dee O what the heck, let's hear him out. 'Till us more about your warrior saint of yore, how s he doing, is he feeling fine? And yours too, sir

Reg Hear my next line
Dee Dee This U must be scary—you can't speak out.
Duro Or has he, by any chance, stepped on a mine? I wonder how come there's no sign of anarchy, arson, pillage and loot with the advent of Willie, a rebel to boot.

THE VEGETABLE FARM

course this time they went after a thicker breed of VIPs who specialised in making soporific speeches. In the world of Willie and gang going back on your word is just not done, there was hell to pay. So the bigwigs got together again and decided to take 'stern disciplinary action' which did not, of course, include a fair trial.

The scene opens with the convention huddled around the proverbial U-desk. The meeting has been in session for three hours now. A general air of disaster prevails and the sedate middle aged professors, with haggard eyes and damp eyebrows, are racking their brains to find some way to contain that holy terror, Willie Wartaars. Nervous ones are sweating it out, the clever ones coming with crazy apologies for ideas, and the bored ones having digs at the higher-ups.

Prof A When shall we meet again,
In thunder lightning or in rain?
Dee Dee (Aside) (When the hurly-burly's. I must get tough)
Please will ya can that Shakespeare stuff?
Jokers is all I got in this place
Look here, Herr Funny-Face
Run along home and let the meeting
meander on till the fleeting
years go by.

Prof A Tooodle oo, kid (Exit)
Duro For nothing at all you blew your lid
Our oldest prof who walked out through that door
is surely feelin'

Dee Dee Dylan's mighty sore
Duro Get your gray cells working, boys
All these squabbles and petty noise
is unbecoming. Don't you agree
that profs should behave properly?
(The man in white, wearing dirty keds, drops in with a tray)
M-in-W Coffee, gentlemen
Duro The coffee bill
is on the house so you can swill
(The party breaks up into its usual cacophonous chorus.)

We've discussed the joint
We've discussed the Meet
We're pleased to anoint
Our Duro, the Sweet
Duro I'm afraid I've gone and done
it. The meeting ends. Don't none
of you dare sing again.
My heart winces in pain
To hear of this holy terror, Bill
Wartaars

Dee Dee (Aside) Gosh, we've had our fill
of coffee and this for the last
n meetings. We need some fast
thinking. Listen to me,

Duro Dang
it! The other day he rang
my unlisted number and sang
a coupla lewd songs and bang
came the threat. Listen here, pal
let, us, for once, be rational.
Dissolve the Senate, cancel the meetings
Take lessons, if you want, in eating
candy

Reggie Holy Smokes! Did he say
that?

Duro (hurt) You heard me
Reggie Then I must say,
ol' pal, this place is going to pot
To pot, you say?

Duro Quite utterly to pot
Reggie Haven't you said that before, Your Grace?
Duro Sure I have. No hope for this place,
Reggie I fear, sir, unless we think
and act, otherwise we sink

(The watchman, a cranky chap, in Professorial opinion, barges into the room, with excitement writ large on his face. Presently, he speaks.)

Watchman O Holy One!

Dee Dee What?

Watchman O Serpent!

Duro What?

Watchman I'm quoting Shaw and that is that
What I mean is, that warrior-saint,
That angel of angels

(Willie makes his grand appearance into the room, followed by others, a few hardliners, in fact, who detect being cabbage, or worse still, carrots.)

Head No 1 Will you stay, or shall we move out?
This U must be scary—you can't speak out.
Willie Rest assured, sir, you and this rig
are least imposing

Head No 2 You're acting big
Willie No personal comments, please, Mr. Head
I've got some work, or I wouldn't be found dead
with you, or anyone, in the Senate

Watchman Willie, we are in infinite debt
Head No 2 That does it, yeah, that sounds a gong
By God, Mister Duro, we're singing a song.

Chorus Things have gone from bad to worse
Their slanders we take with a curse
If you don't stop it,
We're sure gonna cop it
And enlist as rowdy freshers

They call us names in that rag of theirs
We protest but nobody cares
We'll rig up their grades
Like Marquis de Sades

Willie Let's see how the reformer fares
Please, sirs you men of the bench,
don't sing in that terrible French
(The Heads look bewildered but carry on)

Those people are having a ball,
They print in their whaddya call
-it something socking—
Words that are shocking
To Gide, Genet, Mailer et al

Duro Willie's fibs are shocking
but your French is even worse
Complain but don't go singing
in lousy hybrid verse

Willie, my boy, you have let loose
pandemonium
(frantically) No truce, no truce.
No truce is right but let me hear
the charges first

Watchman He has no fear
of the Senate. Sweet angel.

Reggie Hey, St. Paul,
martyrdom awaits you, and that will be all

Duro Bully the watchman, bully the kid,
Have you no scruples? (To Willie) Look what you did
to our morale, you thrower of rotten eggs
and bombshells

Willie Sir, Willie now begs
forgiveness for his bloody crime

(The Heads are jubilant, and when they are, they make quite a

Heads Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme.
That's what we say when excited
beyond control, boy, we've sighted
victory

Dee Dee Cokes all round!
Watchman (in tears) O Saint,
what have you done?

Heads Shut up, let's paint
the town scarlet, as they say someplace.
Joining us for a while, Your Grace?

Willie (interrupts) Hold your horses. I've got something
to tell you now. I've been thinking

Head No 1 You have?
Head No 2 No kidding?
Duro Please give
him a chance, will you?

Willie May you live
thro' me and many like this gang here.
Duro Gee, thanks

Willie The end is drawing near.
Campus reforms are not our bag
and yours too.

Heads Now, is that a gag?
Willie We've changed our bandwagon like
you told us, sirs. We'll strike.

(Continued on page 12)



EDITORIAL

Here it is, at last, the Year of the FIRST Ever Win at the Inter-IIT Meet. Our victory celebrations are over and done away with they don't embarrass us anymore. Besides, it seems rather strange on our part to take the victory so mildly, devoid of any feeling, when once, our stewards, passionate and hard headed, defended the cause, carrying things to the extreme. If we win once, we can win for five years, said the helmsman. Truer words have never been said. It must be a rather wholesome and pleasant experience to keep the trophy for that long a time, after all winning one's own Meet is not all in good taste.

Awareness is a cliché

Year after year, it has become an inevitable practice to describe, when the time comes, an IITian to the outsider in these columns to paint an undisputably flattering yet unusual picture of the Olympian, who is such a social menace these days. Social menace or not, it is time we came to grips with certain facts, which are seemingly apparent, and yet ignored. Our morbid-cynical complex, which has been built over the years forbids us to recognize anything good about this place. Maybe there's a lot of truth in that, but one would expect such a teeming mass of intelligent youngsters to realize that whatever happens here is carried out with our full consent, and also, with our indifference towards it. If any reasonable changes are to be effected, it could only be done with a lot of thinking on our part, and a little perseverance with our elders, if the need arises.

Razing all and sundry to the ground is an easy way out of the situation, but it is revolting to see that our community is getting increasingly irrelevant day by day, and only of its own choice. It passes one's comprehension as to how a set of adults or near-adults can be so dumb and dormant, and how they cannot spare a thought to the conditions of their immediate environment. A disastrous side-effect they put out of action (in preference to stronger term), the set of people who try to improve things a bit, because in the eyes of the Administration, nothing needs to be done as long as a majority of the community is happy with everything. And cynicism provides an unbeatable defense, it's like nothing on this earth. How else can one begin towards a fragile Gestalt when one cannot even lift a finger against it? (That should be enough to alter it, if you know your existentialism.) Anyway, our perverted complexes are direct results of our apathy, and, because, we have no senses of values. Awareness is, after all, a cliché.

The Cultural Week

'The annual happening in this part of the country' is a well meaning attempt to foster relations between IIT and the other Colleges. Intelligent and friendly people from other colleges are invited, not only to win trophies, but also to enlighten and entertain the great unwashed, which, as no one seems to be aware, is constituted by us. Aided by our self-confidence and pre-conceived notions of their IQ we take it out on them like a set of alienated and sulky imbeciles. An IITian, whose cynicism does not preclude self-deprecation, sitting on concrete and yelling his guts out, because, man, he is superior, hardly appeals to anyone's reason. And the scene smacks of a not uncommon trait, which we have learnt—the hard way—not to mention.

The remedy is far too simple. If you are feeling bored, corner any guy (or a girl) with that strong un-IITian look, and make-for who would not be dying to meet us?—polite conversation. Let us act like decent hosts for once, eh?

SINGER

NOT THE

SONG—II

Who's Sisyphus?
The wall looms blankly ahead
Except where time has left the mark of
I little children and Moists
(I think I am not heard Louder this time)
WHO'S SISYPHUS?
The house in the garden is pretty but
scatteredbrained,
What did you expect, anyway, with
cuisarina for company?

Suddenly I must know
WHO'S SISYPHUS?
I scream
down a wall of Black Humour
(The well is the source Every body knows it)
And the void echo screams at me in answer
The stretch of a million generation of
bullfrogs

Ha ha! I lose
Moral Fight Dirty

—CASH

A change is gonna come

A two-line story for the masses

'Change said the child to the big E,
and it changed

For all you folks of questionable IQ who find the above story replete with meaning, here is some kind of a naughty ironic evaluation of the complex thought process involved or a mere flying-off-at-a-tangent piece or just sheer jazz.

So, as the big E changed, one feels a bit of warmth for the characters, the kind reserved for the hopelessly naive 'Good for them both' prattles the alter ego, 'what a far out happy ending! But not necessarily good for us' cos, man, we're at the wrong end of the line.

So much for vagueness and metaphor, it's all right with us if you've got the message. What happened in the past few moments is dead, gone, done away with, but it might be just a wee bit spicy to arouse your curiosity. To relate this big cyclopean sob-story would require us to be pathetically self-indulgent and hopelessly maudlin, and yet, we must make the announcement. A change is gonna come.

Now, it would seem tragic to conjecture that our sermons will be a hint subtler, cleverer and truer. Nothing could be far from the truth (not for nothing are we at the high altar of journalism in this campus). The world, as every literate ought to know, is fascinating because it changes from one moment to another. How sweet! Ergo we have more than a little of this sweet talisman mixed in our byes. And so be it with our sermons. The desire to be pious is so overwhelming that we acknowledge, at a moment's persuasion, that what we preach is getting too plastered for comfort. Yes, our sober High Priests have struck at the root of imagination, and sobriety be blessed for that.

Much as one would have liked the Mayflower children to saunter on the seas in search of miracles which are the crying needs of the day, to keep the faith, and to be honest with their paralysis, one has to face the grim fact that nothing of the fearful kind has been done. The doe-eyed innocents of the multitude smile bravely through the tangled and motionless mass of limbs, heads and minds. What a crowd! In view of this awesome scenery, which dots the landscape in all direction, it becomes professionally necessary for us, to change the band-wagon (zap! zap!). The kind of chemistry that metamorphoses men who make belligerent, hot jazz, into the Queen's bagpipers may be puzzling and seemingly cruel but, ladies and gentlemen, we're finally through.

Letter to the Editor

Dear sir,

I have been a student of IIT for the last six and a half years first in the B Tech course and now in the M Tech course. I have been one of the unfortunate witnesses for the steady decay of *Campastimes*. As one of the old-timers I can assure you that *Campastimes* is at its lowest level of popularity at present. Please do not try to prove that *Campastimes* is more popular by quoting the increase in the number of copies sold. As we all know statistics are misleading. If you conduct an opinion survey I am sure we will have to rename the magazine as 'the sick thing'.

A magazine cannot become sick overnight because an Arvind Johari leaves the institute or a Gnanachandra's cartoons are absent in it. We all take pride in saying that *Campastimes* is 'different' from other campus magazines. But at what cost? Of becoming sick?

Campastimes deplorably lacks the essential requisite of any magazine viz., educating its readers. *Campastimes* is out of touch with the outside world and hides behind the principle that it is not expected to be serious. I know that a spate of indignant letters appeared in these columns when a reader wanted *Campastimes* to be a bit more serious in its outlook. But these readers are only a microscopic minority. There is a majority, a silent one (sic), which says to itself, 'Why do I have to pay for this nonsense?'

Campastimes is unpopular because it lacks variety. The burning problems of the day like unemployment among engineers and the short sighted language policy of our government find no place in it. The importance which is due them may be given in *Campastimes* without antagonising the feelings of any section of the students. Book reviews may be invited. Movie critics may be given encouragement. Even though, with these additions, *Campastimes* may appear like any other magazine and may not be different anymore, one must realize that a good dose of conventionalism and orthodoxy are essential for its survival. (Paradoxical, what?—Ed.)

Campastimes will die a natural death common to many magazines unless it shakes off its old fashioned ideals set ten years back and raises itself from the rut. It is not too late and death-bed repentance is no good. Let us not waste any more time waiting for the auspicious moment to engage in some stock-taking.

Yours etc,

V RAMAMURTHY SASTRY

(Continued from page 3)

in teaching. The remedy he suggests—let undergraduate courses be run by the senior people with more time and experience on their hands. But he steadfastly defended the system when we told him that IIT produces worthless engineers. His argument was that the broad base of knowledge provided at B Tech level would go a long way in any field. We countered that the broad base was spread a little too thin so we came out filled with mind boggling amounts of knowledge but basically uninterested in anything. He eventually crumbled a little to say the course was kind of overloaded. Hurrah for the first Staff-member ever to admit this.

All the preceding stuff might have got across the fact that he is kind of sympathetic to good student causes. If you ever need a shoulder to cry on (and a broad one at that), Mr Balaram is your man. Anyone in the Aero Dept is welcome to air his gripes to him anytime. 'I like students and I like to talk' he said. 'That's why I joined in the first place'. He also has plenty of extra curricular activities like running the Staff Dramatic Club or managing the Co-operative stores which is soon closing down—not however because of his presence.

Big thing in life now is to get his Ph.D degree—because Ph.D's are THE status symbols at IIT. 'I know it isn't easy at my age—especially when you have to get home and teach Hindi and Maths to the kids' he said. I couldn't help thinking of the fat boy doing the 100 m—but the boy finished the race and so will Mr Balaram. He may not bridge the technological gap, but he certainly has done a lot in humanizing the image of the Staff.

DULEEP.



You enter the campus in a mixed state of euphoria, the promise of the Sports Meet, the promise of an additional week of holidays. All at once it strikes you, the great institutionalized architecture of IIT. It represents every facet of a great modern architectural non-entity—facelessness, symmetry and rigid conformity. It seems to reflect on the Establishment, a kind of authoritarian and totalitarian repression of the free spirit in every row of grey and dirty white windows, a certain smugness, as it stands uncompromising in sylvan surroundings. Perhaps this senseless trade itself is a by-product, a rebellion against the basic ugliness of the hostel. The only building that seems to rise out (and quite literally) of the morass is the Administration Block. In what way, I do not know. It has every aspect of tawdriness, absolute symmetry, a grey colour scheme and institutionalized architecture, but a purity of form that pushes it from ugliness into a kind of beauty.

INTER-IIT MEET

The subject is about as trite as jokes on the swimming pool but somehow the author of what could degenerate into a gossip column feels a compulsion to comment on such an event. Almost every person has a view-point four days of fun, a victory, a week of holidays, or sheer waste of time and money? Whatever has been gained or lost, one thing is certain—everyone has improved his/her vocabulary. Every contingent waxed eloquent in the fields. Football generally brought out the worst in everyone. Mild comments like, 'In the ghishkas' were soon replaced by lengthy regional beauties. Even during the supposedly milder debate, every competitor began with a lengthy tirade against his fellowmen. What is the reason for all this? It must be blamed on society, where competition without the variety of triumph and misery of defeat is non-existent. Whole lives are spent just in trying to scramble to the top. Sport in the original sense of the word is dead—it has been replaced long ago by betting, politics and hate. The paradox lies outside the sports field, where comradeship stages a sudden comeback. Maybe it is just our innate sadism gaining free expression. What with Hollywood and our Film Club co-operating to operate on our reactions!

YOU GUYS

Back again to the last topic, the education system. Response was decent (just barely) for comments on the IITian system but we spoke to a lot of people and everyone felt that plenty of things were wrong with it but generally speaking, could not suggest a completely different system which is better than the existing one. Biggest peeve was the supplementary system which is deviously faulty (you can fail two years in the same year by failing in two consecutive semesters).

There are days when visitors come to our workshops. There are also days when one or two of the visitors are interesting. From past experience the authorities have arranged work tables so that boys cannot see the visitors but the visitors can see only the back of the boys. Not undone by this authoritative denial of a rare diversion, Pims steals a look at the visitor. The moment he figures out that the Duro or the Dudee is printing out the promising juniors, Pims is glued to his work by an impressionist attitude he has never had before.

The Workshop people themselves indulge in humour once a year. It is not on their faces or lips, but on card board posters (displaying signs of German partnership, mottoes like 'Bete und Arbeit, wise cracks, etc.) hung up in the corridor when Ayudha Puja comes along. Pims is not impressed.

—MADHS AND ANT.

A KNOTTY—PARDON THE PUN—PROBLEM

If an ambulance
should ambule,
A pendulum pendule,
A hoodlum hoodle,
What happens
When
A dingleum, a danglum
Lasslum baselum
Ganglum banglum?

For the knottiest solution of them all, contact Ananth when mommas and poppas look the other way.

*The snake that striketh at the
foot of the hunter is naught
but a pain in the grass*

Politically speaking, the average IITian is no better than the guy who votes for the candidates who gives him ten bucks. Knowledge about political ideologies extends to one liners (Communism means spreading of wealth), gleaned from highly slanted media, *Reader's Digest*, *Time* etc. There is also a widespread dislike of communism. The comment is not meant to be a plug for the communists but the point is that the hatred is mostly without any factual knowledge, but it is understandable because the only magazines an IITian gets to read are ultra-rightist, filled with American propaganda. 'Why the Kremlin wants war' from *Reader's Digest* is a good example. This has not only narrowed people's outlook but has paved the way for bigotry. Isn't it better to know what Marxism has to attract intellectuals like Sartre before condemning it? Even more dangerous are statements like, 'Send all Muslims to Pakistan,' and 'India needs military dictatorship now.' Such political naivete, which, in educated people, is downright revolting, can be countered only by more information that is not tampered with by the mass media (Mass media? Who is influenced by mass media?) If our Humanities course seriously lacks anything, it is a course on Politics.

—DULEEP.

Pims in Workshop

A dozen sirens kick up a racket. Chattering and gabbling decay exponentially. Khaki-clad lads arise and carry themselves into their respective shops. They are aware, they are going to be there the whole day, and like that for the whole week and on every alternate week, for a whole year. Subconsciously they look out for humour and laughter, and when they do find it, they try to make the most of it—hearty laughter, repetitions (unfailingly original) and if there be a need, boos.

Pim Koh Lai (pim of short), no relation of Lum Poh Kai, knew not the shape of things to come. On the second day, he comes late to the fitting shop. The instructor accosts him with a 'Mister why you come late tell me (a nod, a look, a pause). Come along to Mr —'. Pims pleads being late only by two minutes. The instructor brusquely takes him through a yard or two and unaccountably sends him off to the place of work.

The intro to filing is a channel whose arms have to be atomised. Peppy Pims dashes off with his Hansa Bastard. He is promptly pulled up and asked to 'fileh, fileh, fileh,' and not 'file file file'. The latter is a bad practice and is believed to make radius. In subsequent classes, much of workshop grammar is expounded in spicy lectures, the core of which is irrelevant to filing. The models are easy, but Pims takes it too easy. He surreptitiously punches a cube from box No. 97 and gets s—for that. The base plate screw given him is of a smaller dia than last year's.

Mention must be made of his course in the Instrument Shop, where scraping is the main job.

His IIT sense of making the most out of things hasn't yet developed much. In the welding shop, the cover of screened booths and two-to-a-booth convenience didn't strike him, until one afternoon, when stuck up with an electrode, he runs in search of his instructor. Peeping into a vacant booth in the corner, he finds him (the instructor, that is) reclining on the transformer with a flame-shield to his face. Pims catches on to the idea and this single-handed chance discovery earns him blissful afternoon naps, with the co-operation of his booth-mate.

A five-week course in the carpentry shop is remarkable from the point of grammar and expression, with phrases like 'tenon is so sure to be broke off', and 'no scope for mortise' still ringing clear. His loose mortise tenon fit drew on him the wrath of his instructor, who finally managed to arrive (it takes time to suppress displeasure and castigate with wit) at an excellent simile—'your fit is like a cigar in an old man's mouth'.

When Pims' stomach sounds the siren (roughly an hour before the workshop sounded its own) he slips out to an alluring establishment a hundred yards away, regales himself and returns soon, lest a smart instructor should take it into his head to mark the attendance at the end of the class also. When such long-interval bunkings are impossible, he goes to the water cooler. Unmindful of a prominent sign-board there, he drinks water drop by drop when someone is around and when no one else is on the scene, he gazes at guys wearing away the metal bit by bit.

Pims decides to extend his absence by a visit to the bathroom for a fag which he has already managed to procure. There he lights it with the help of one of the many workers smoking. After some time he just cannot bear the smoke-deodorant odour. Used to carrying out such vices in open IIT atmosphere, he forms the opinion that the provision of a chimney in the bathroom would improve worker's working conditions. If this were not possible, the authorities should shift the sign-board—which incidentally is the acme of workshop expression—from the cooler to the bathroom.

OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

Our invitation for comments on the educational system turned out to be a regular sad affair, with only three of the crowd, and only students, having sent in their little word. But there are inferences which are far more important than that, for instance, it leaves us wondering how to gauge the opinion of the multitude which, when given an opportunity for self expression, has refrained from doing so. Anyway, here are a few articles which managed to find their way into our office.

R. Viraraghavan

The Suri Transmission system is an ingenious arrangement of existing transmission units that transmits power at very high efficiencies and is widely used in Diesel Locomotives where the efficiency of transmission is extremely important. This transmission system was invented by a mechanical engineer of the Indian Railways in 1956. After he had taken out a patent on this system, West Germany was the first country to buy it off him. Japan was the second. Since then this new idea has formed the basis of diesel locomotive design in these two countries. Named after him, it is now popularly known as the Suri Transmission system.

The reader must not imagine that the purpose of this article is to educate him. The purpose is something else. IIT, Madras, declared an Institute of National Importance, came into existence only recently, i.e., well after 1956, well after the invention was christened 'Suri Transmission'. It is an institute that has revised its syllabus umpteen times and has pitchforked into the curriculum certain 'modern design principles' and recent findings reported in the journals of engineering societies etc., etc.

Isn't it odd then that a universally acclaimed design which has been tried out in practice and which has a tremendous impact on some of the very developed countries, has not yet found a place in our syllabus?

What could be the reason for this? I am prepared to venture a suggestion but I wonder how many will agree with me. It could be attributed to the fact that many of the educated people in our country just do not care for their country. How often has a person in our Institute prescribed a book published by an Indian author? 'Oh these people simply copy word for word from Shugley and present it as their own,' is the statement that many a lecturer has often made with a disdainful smile on his/her face. One of the most chronic diseases in our country, amongst many of the educated, is that dirty habit of denouncing the whole country in one sweeping statement (Indians are lazy. Indian politicians should be shot. India is going to the dogs etc., are statements which all of us must have heard sometime or the other). The trouble with these people who make such sweeping statements is that, when they say it, they place the rest of India on one pedestal and themselves on a much higher one. Many educated people do not even admit the possibility of there being something good in our country, the age old adage, 'Every cloud has its silver lining,' is not applicable to India, according to this logic! This is one of the most important reasons why as far as I can see, we rarely find in our syllabus names of Indians who have achieved something in their respective fields of specialization. True we were all taught the 'Raman Effect', but then Raman got the Nobel Prize, apart from Bharat Ratna, while M. M. Suri got only Padma Sri!

Three Guys

Campastimes has always enjoyed a reputation as a mag with a sense of humour. Few, if any, outsiders are struck by the hard core of cynicism under the skin. But we IITians know better, and the knowledge hurts. What I am putting down in writing is nothing new—generations of IITians past must have been irked by the System, perhaps a few angered as I am. So if you are an IITian with a grievance, then read on.

Most of the guys I have come across attend lectures because of attendance, go to workshop and labs because they cannot afford to cut. Nobody does anything because he wants to, but because he has to. The only motivation, then, is of survival.

The results are as can be predicted—Lecturers get booed, a general state of pandemonium prevails, proxies are given *en masse*. The work done in the Labs is worse than nothing—it is universally acknowledged that good grades can be obtained by cooking and nothing but, in our famed workshops, the models made by previous batches (not to

N. V. Krishna

mention the ones on display!) are looted with unholy glee. A random sampling of the log tables taken to periodicals would yield surprising results.

This, then, is the students' reaction to the System. Can anyone justify such a system of education which so thoroughly destroys its own purpose? Are all the ideals expressed in the Info Bulletin ('The country's most promising students will live and study in an intellectually stimulating atmosphere'), so much bunk, printed with the sole purpose of attracting the naive?

The solution is simple. Beautifully so. Invest the students with more responsibility, give them more freedom. Whether you like it or not, the present day students are going to control India's destiny in the very near future. You cannot expect a guy who lives in what is practically a totalitarian society one day to take charge of democracy the next. Matters can certainly be improved a great deal by smoothening the transition that they will undergo when they become part of the establishment.

If you admit the theory of investiture of greater responsibility in the students, then the changes must be fairly obvious. The present system of lectures with its evil of compulsory attendance must go. In fact this was tried on a small scale in Bombay University a couple of years back—a group of outstanding students were exempted from undergoing the regular programme. Instead they could study on their own with necessary guidance from the staff and would take exams specially designed for them. This then could form the basic structure of a new and better pattern of education. Periodicals could be held without invigilation—a system that has been successfully tried in National College, Bangalore. More flexible programmes for Labs and workshops could be chalked out. The idea is to make the students feel that they belong to the Establishment and are not its victims.

If my article stirred you a little bit out of your complacency, if it made you open your eyes and look around and raised a few doubts in your mind, then I consider my effort worthwhile.

Three Opinions

IIT, Madras, has come a long way from what those who entered its portals years ago knew it to be. The changes, though by and large intended to contribute towards the betterment of students, have not always achieved their objectives.

Vinod Bhatla

The primary objection most students have against the system at present is the amount of workload. The nature and character of the periodical system, which has curiously enough not undergone any change over the years, have helped in all but wiping out any relief the semester system should have brought. Any preference to the periodical system is most assuredly a choice of the lesser evil since the final exams are a nightmare to quite a few of us. A mention must however be made of the lab reports and tutorials which, though undoubtedly a steady source of marks, are more a test of students in the use of coloured pencils, neat reproduction of some original manuscript and needless consumption of expensive paper.

While we are at it, I may as well mention that the greatest drawback in the periodical system is that it is the most powerful tool in the hands of the Staff to exert unsurmountable leverage on the students. Many a time, it has been misused by some of the Staff members. One often hears of the woes of those who have endeavoured to defy the Staff members on matters not always academic, just to go down fighting. The administration is of so rigid a structure, ingrained with bureaucracy so crystalline, that miscalculations, mistakes, intentional or otherwise, are absolutely unalterable. There is no provision for the victimised student to appeal. The only imperceptible action that is ever taken is the shunting of student from the Director to the D.D., or from one faculty head to another, resulting in waves of hopes and despair for the student concerned. All this dilly-dallying is unnecessary. To go into genuine complaints an impartial committee with wide powers should be constituted to drive away the fear victimisation, which, I think, is uppermost in our minds.

However, all this constitutes the System, and we are faced with the option of taking it or leaving it. Those who have chosen the latter, are hardly likely to be interested in the reforms propounded here.

The supplementary exams, the by-product of the semester system requires some attention. The practice prevalent is that the sessionals comprising of 50% of the total marks are essentially considered for promotion in the supplementary examination. For example, a student who has done badly in sessionals, say, 20%, needs 80% in the finals to make the pass grade. If he isn't successful he gets another supplementary exam which requires him to get the same 80%. Even the provision to carry up to two subjects does not solve the above problem, for, on the basis of common sense, it is not possible for a student who does so poorly in sessionals to score such high marks in the finals without any additional coaching, he would have cleared the hurdle in the first attempt itself. The option of including the sessional grades in a supplementary examination should be left to the student concerned. There is an interesting case of a student who was in the final year and except for one subject he had practically finished his course. In the said subject, he requires such

(Continued on page 9)

OF THINGS....

The ways of the Almighty, we have always been told, are inscrutable and pass the comprehension of puny man. But even docile, faithful acceptance of this does not quite assist one in reconciling oneself to the nowadays inevitable rain on Saturday evenings. Teeth go gnashing, bell bottoms, pillows and film-club cards take a wetting and the irresistible might of the IITian vocabulary is let loose at that mysterious enigma, God, and the not so mysterious personages who thought up the Open Air Theatre. But really, it is just be but too exasperating! How is one to see Glen Ford blushing or Lee Marving agape, if one has water in his eyes, pants and the rest of it? Really!

Talking of rain and God, there was further proof of that irritating tendency of His when He decreed that it should rain on the eve of the Eighth Inter-IIT Meet. One could well nigh hear Watsa's heart spluttering and choking like that other junk-heap that carries him around. But seriously, speaking as a Madras, it was a fairly good four days, I mean, not only insofar as medals go and despite the fact that the football team disappointed while the TT team didn't. And despite too the fact that when we little kids got together after the whole thing was over and started yelling the rather usual 'Who won? We won?' the KGP guys retorted with a 'How?' Incidentally that ill-advised if innocuous title (more of an aside by the editor!) to an article in the columns of the last edition of this journal gave them added fuel to jeer, and quite some more, for the thinking processes to click and whirr. But, after all, we did the same thing when we went there last time didn't we? Which only leads one to deplore the exaggerating tendencies of a few and to express the hope that this practice of the home team swiping the trophy will, if it remains after all this, remain healthy. There was also the usual bunk at the farewell dinner about us being sister institutions and how the Meet had promoted goodwill and brotherhood. In the context and of course being in an introspective mood one wondered if the Meet was worth it—and kept wondering. However, the medals are good to look at, and to keep.

Nothing being out of place in this journal, one pauses to remark on the standard of reporting in the bulletin issued during the Meet. From the very outset, when they blasted off by calling themselves 'The Partisan Sporting News Agency'—a premature riposte?—it was thought that this was going to be fun. And so it turned out to be with blatant rubbish like 'The Underdog Strikes' mingled with otherwise good reporting. I mean, not that it galls (when could such stuff rub anyway?), but surely, they should have known better about the anybody-can-make-it nature of the Inter IIT Meet Hockey championships than THAT. And one has a feeling that they liked the phrase 'dogged defense' a little too much (and that does gail) that phrase would have filled the bill in the first wild scramble of a match that Madras won but not in the second, when they were the dignified, confident superiors. Besides, at least in the last issue, they combined a marked allergy for speeches with a penchant for long vast final tallies. Space filled?

The other day, a heart rending story of agony and torture was poured into the ears of this writer (didn't somebody say that agony is always amusing?) It was one of those days when God was out of his Heaven and all was not quite well with the world but who could ever have remotely imagined that such a despair and such an utterly demoralizing misery would arise from a pure and simple visit to the bathroom in one of the numerous S.B.'s of the institute. When he did pay the aforesaid visit, he found that the doors were barred and bolted to him. Hope is so sweet a torture as many an imminent bathroom visitor will aver and this particular gentleman decided to give the one on the next floor a try. Imagine his consternation when exactly the same situation prevailed there too. But the *piece-de-resistance* came

when, his steps quickening perceptibly, he approached the one on the next floor still and seeing it was open, was about to break into a brisk trot, when a human being accosted and endowed with all the paraphernalia of officialdom burred his way. The poor, writhing gentleman was curtly informed that the room in question was solely for the use of ladies. Ladies? LADIES!

I mean, it is a bit thick to have to submit oneself to the indignity of slinking into the dark behind the CLT every time there is a function there. Not that one would want an attendant permanently stationed there with soap and shampoo and towel and the kindly look and word, but one should reasonably expect to find these rooms open.

At least, the days when a kindly matron had to lead us by the hand with admonitions to proceed carefully lest we slip, are past, aren't they?

KUMAR.

(Continued from Page 8)

high marks that he could write supplementaries for the rest of his life and yet not secure the required percentage.

To prevent the loss of a semester and thus the whole year, special summer courses could be offered, as in Kanpur, to tide over the backlog of uncleared subjects. The Staff and the vacations are ample enough to facilitate the undertaking of this welcome development.

A very discouraging feature of this Institute is the total absence of consideration for outstanding sportsmen. Lack of sympathy and understanding—a person cannot both play a crucial State Championship match and attend a lab class at the same time—has made many a sportsman to extend the five year course. It is highly amusing to hear of some Staff members who take credit and share the fame accrued by the sportsman, while showing total lack of sympathy towards his inevitably below average performance in the academic field. Much remains to be desired in this aspect of campus life. Seven hours of classes daily, no doubt in the best interests of the student community, are however a little trying, especially the morning lecture hours. A fifteen-minute break at 10 a.m., accommodated by shortening of class hours by five minutes, would go a long way in making the otherwise busy life tolerable and will consequently discourage unnecessary abstention from classes.

Some students and Staff may or may not share my views expressed here, but I am certain most of us would continue to hope that a stage will come when those within the Institute will be as proud of belonging to it as those who long for this prospect from without. And last but not the least, I must add that candid appreciation of mutual difficulties will go a long way in cementing the much-talked about Staff student relationship which, for all practical purposes, is non-existent.

—VINOD BHATLA

mon in some who never tire of asking, 'X got 95 and 99 in GRE year. I got 40 and 50. Do you think I stand a chance?'

Some external complications and secondary infection also develop at this time. The culprit has been found to be 'AIRLINES ALITALIOSIS' of the *Submonella Typhoosa* family. These chaps from airlines go about giving things like passport forms and vaccination certificates and, above all, they furnish fundas on where and how to get loans. Patients who develop this complication generally land up in the booby hatch i.e. lunatic asylum.

Aetiological and symptomatically, the author feels that only one remedy will have any effect. By plugging everybody in 3rd year at least a few times, the occurrence of this endemic disease can be averted to some extent. Even though it sounds a bit drastic, it is the only sure-fire method.

A few of the victims pull through to write about their own stupidity. Yours truly is one of them.

SRIDHAR

THE FINAL YEAR ITCH

Five years in this place are just five years too many, and at the fag end of the course, when people cannot quite come to terms with the fact that they are passing out at last, they develop a strange disease. Symptoms are common. Normal, ordinary human beings develop a sudden desire to go abroad, waste money on stamps and spend hours on application forms of universities, the names of which they can't even pronounce. These symptoms have been investigated by Sridhar *et al.* and are broadly classified as Acute Americemia with Contracted Canadiasis. This condition develops rather suddenly during the summer vacation and continues throughout the final year. Normally, at the end of the cycle, Americemia Canadiasis leads to anxiety neurosis.

The disease has one month incubation period when people send off requisitions for application forms and wait for the application forms to arrive. At this stage one class of individuals retain enough of their sense to cash on their comrades' idiocy. They print the various forms and make some money in the bargain.

The patients range from individuals who are inveterate optimists to morons who are incorrigible pessimists. The former say things like, 'I thought of going to Cornell year, but mech department is in sad shape. MIT for me, any day!', while the latter tirelessly repeat, in the hope of faith-healing, 'I'll never get it yar'.

This leads one to a state when people start tearing sheets and killing rats in frustration, trying to find out their academic standing or find out what official transcript means. Some reveal their inadequate grounding in arithmetic by trying to calculate their CCPA etc. People in the academic section go about with up-turned collars and acquire sidies. The Alumni Placement Section gets flooded with certificates for attestation and starts bursting at the seams.

The next stage has been termed 'Recolic'. Attendance in class zooms up and hits the ceiling. Permanent last-benchers become first-benchers. People who never opened their mouths except to yawn or eat, start asking questions, of the clever variety, in class. Some patients reach a mad frenzy and start chasing irate Assistant Professors with addressed envelopes. At this stage, it is rather contagious and the staff members also get affected. This effect varies widely among those affected. One type finds that the chap they never saw in all their lives is a lily in the field and proceed to say so in the recommendation letter. Another type develops temporary amnesia and finds that they don't even know the chaps they have taught for years on end.

When actual filling up of the application form stares them in the face, people get imaginative suddenly and fill their bio-data with all kinds of wishful thinking. Megalomania is noticeable. If he has written, 'I took an active part in the Institute debate,' it actually means that he was ringing the bell for marking time. 'Contributed articles for Campastimes' means that after six cokes and a treat in Knick-Knack, the editor promised to publish an insipid letter to the editor by the unfortunate patient. 'Held responsible posts in the Hostel Council' means that he was a member of the mess committee.

At the terminal stage, some secondary effects are also seen. People who never uttered a word above three syllables before in their life, go about saying things like, 'Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious'. This condition is known as GRE (General Reading and Engleipsis).

Other secondary effects like TOEFL (Try on for easy foreign life), and ATGSB (Additional try of generally stupid blokes) have not been fully studied. This time of the year, various Departmental societies find subscription money pouring in (it is asked for in the application forms). People develop an acute distrust of fellow human-beings and open envelopes they aren't supposed to open (reco letters you bet). Comparisontitis is also com-



R D'Souza of K G P in 800s



Madras playing Kanpur in Volleyball

THE THIRD DAY

The third day provided exciting fare for the spectators with as many as four finals in the schedule for the day. Hockey Madras beat Kharagpur, the holders, 1-0. After that freak win against Kanpur, Madras came on strong against Kharagpur in the finals. Kharagpur who seemed sure winners yesterday were snuffed out in a game featuring some neat interception and stick-work by Madras. Kharagpur offered little resistance and were never in the fight. Madras struck gold in basketball with an outstanding win against Delhi. Krishnan, with his brilliant passing and shooting, helped Madras win 71-41. Madras rounded off the day with an impressive win over Delhi in badminton, with Edwin Srinivasan and Vaidyanathan in full form. By then, the General Championship was as good as won. The only heartbreak of the day was a surprise lead of 2-1 by Kanpur in one of our sure events, tennis. Kharagpur made it to the football finals with a lucky self-goal in extra-time against Madras. Madras who played a competitive game, fought all the way, but the frequent and brilliant thrusts into the Madras half by the Kharagpur forwards paid off, when, with a minute to go, Kharagpur earned a corner and a win with the aid of the confused Madras defenders. In the volleyball finals, Madras lost to Kanpur, who played brilliantly throughout the Meet. The match was a five-game affair, but it was clear that the Kanpur team had an edge over Madras. Though play was marred by obvious errors of judgement against Kanpur, the latter kept their cool and went on to win their gold of the day. The second gold came when their table tennis team, skippered by Rakesh Bhargava, beat Kharagpur in the finals. In the Track and Field events, Richard D Souza of Kharagpur won the 200 m and 800 m finals before pulling a muscle and thus losing the Athletic championship which was literally in his bag. Narender Kumar of Madras had 13 points and was given a tough fight by Daljit Singh of Delhi who had won shot put and hammer and a second place in Javelin Throw. The next day was to decide who would be the Athletic Champion of the Eighth Inter-IIT Meet.

THE FOURTH DAY

Narender sneaked in home with a record-breaking win in hurdles (110 m) and a fourth place in Broad Jump. His rival bagged his sure event, Discus Throw, ended up one behind Narender and lost the Championship in the bargain. Both the relays were won by Kanpur with Bombay and Madras finishing in that order. Kharagpur trounced Kanpur in the football finals. They scored four goals in all against one by Kanpur. In tennis, Madras struck back to win 3-2. Determined efforts of captain Ram Kumar Menon paid off in his match against Rakesh Bhargava.

Lionel Paul clinched the match against Talwar without any undue strain. Madras WON the General Championship and also the Athletic Championship after a month of concentrated effort in that direction.

THE CLOSING CEREMONY

The Closing Ceremony was a standard affair. Something to be got through without wasting much time, to make way for victory celebrations. Shri H V R Iengar presided and Shrimati Iengar gave away the prizes. A slightly ridiculous march past of all the contingents took place—Madras, with the other contingents traipsing along behind. It seemed a natural phenomenon, everybody playing hump-the-host. After the martial strains of the Police Band died away, unoriginal victory celebrations followed. To bed, after banquet. Happy, we hope, in the tum-tum, if not happy at heart.

The Banquet that Never Was

When one of our reporters approached a Delhi chap and asked him, as a preamble to further conversation, how the banquet was, the poor soul replied in obvious indignation,

'By God, you dare call this a banquet?' And right he was about it. Almost everything seemed to have gone wrong with it: the food was cold, the contingents segregated, festivities lacking, and speeches numerous. Perhaps one could attribute it to the general air of fatigue around the place after such a massive affair, but then, the arrangements left much to be desired. And there was this toast to the Visitor thrown in for goodwill. People never really did get around, and were feeling tired of the dreary affair which was not at all a fitting finale to the gala affair that we so brilliantly staged. Maybe the contingents could have been distributed, in keeping with the objective of the Meet, or nice party games thought up, so that no one left feeling that it was a free community dinner thrown on the occasion of a National leader's birthday. And there was this scramble for volunteers. If deals had been kept up, those selfless Spartans would have come and helped enliven the show. This only serves as a notice to future organisers of banquets. It is not worth getting overtly worried about the number of chicken tallying with the number of people who paid up, when more important things like making of a banquet lies in one's hands.

Campastimes.



Kumari Padma Subramanyam, noted dancer, entertained the guests



Football match between KGP and MDS



Thar he throws! And wins all events!
Dajit Singh of DLI

VIII INTER IIT MEET
GENERAL CHAMPIONSHIP

I I T.	Badminton	Basketball	Football	Hockey	Lawn Tennis	Table Tennis	Volleyball	Track & Field	Gymnastics	Total Points
BOMBAY	2	—	2	—	—	2	—	12	6	24
DELHI	6	6	—	—	2	—	—	—	10	24
KANPUR	—	2	6	2	6	10	10	4	—	40
KHARAGPUR	—	—	10	6	—	6	2	—	—	24
MADRAS	10	10	—	10	10	—	6	20	2	68

VIII INTER—IIT MEET
ATHLETICS

Athletic Championship	Track Events										Field Events								Total
	100 m	200 m	400 m	800 m	1500 m	5000 m.	Hurdles		Relay		Discus	Hammer	Shot Put.	Javelin	Pole Vault	High Jump	Broad Jump	Triple Jump	
BOMBAY	2	—	5		1	2	3	1	6	10	1	1				5	5		42
DELHI	3	2									8	8	7	3	3½		3		37½
KANPUR	6	4	5	—	—	—	3	5	10	6		2							41
KHARAGPUR	—	5	—	8	7	4	—	—	—	—			4		½	3		1	32½
MADRAS	—	—	—	3 2+1	3	5	5	5	2	2	2		—	8	7	3	3	10	58

The Vegetable Farm—(Continued from page 5)

Dee Dee Strike? you double dealer, Willie,
You reformed man, it's downright silly
Willie another match, go start anew
Those gaps in the rag, I liked them too
Head: We dig you, boy, you're being nice
to us.
Willie You're welcome And in a trice
we hope to be able to go underground
Don't panic yet! We are of sound
minds Yes, we hope to come up
as carrots and beans
Ditto (seeing a tired Willie) Like a cup
of tea?

Willie No thanks Ah, see the blue skies
as carrots and beans (I tell no lies)
Whatever happens, there we will be
as carrots and beans, my colleagues and me

The End

EPILOGUE

Let's say amen to Willie and gang Nothing else, I hope, remains to
be said.

N. KALYANARAMAN.

GAS

Waiting for A Dead Body

'Doctor, we got an emergency'
'What's wrong?'
'Well, he's got high fever.'
'Hm'
'His fingers have gone all numb and he is finding it tough to talk.'
'Where are you talking from?'
'Narmada.'
'Who are you?'
'A student.'
'Tell your Assistant Warden to ring up.'
So along came our Asst Ward
'Doctor, we got an emergency.'
'I will not come.'
'I beg your pardon.'
'I will not come to a men's hostel.'
'But he's terribly ill.'
'I'm on leave, and I'm not feeling well either.'
'But doctor... No dice

To save time we had a Warden drive along to the Doctor's place even before the Asst. Ward rang up. That didn't help either. So we dumped the guy, running 104°F, into a car and had him taken to the doc's place. (If Mohammed will not come to the mountain, the mountain must go to Mohammed.)

Granting that students are untrustworthy creatures, are Asst Wards also to be lumped into the same category? And Wardens? It's about time the authorities did something about such matters. A doc gets moving when an emergency call comes. And don't give a damn whether the doc's a lady or a gent. If the doc's on leave? Or if doc's ill? Will the authorities make arrangements to cover such situations? Don't let's wait for a dead body to get us moving. Please

—AAJOO

A Letter from KGP

I was asked for my impressions of the 8th Inter-IIT Meet and have readily consented to comment on what I saw heard and did in that hectic week. To begin with, but not at the beginning, for my opinion of life and competitive sports that drag you 1,000 miles and dump you, dishevelled and miserable, on an alien doorstep at two in the morning, was decidedly of the unimpressed category.

Resilience and ye olde hospitality of the edible form soon had us up and ready for the fight of our lives. Fight we did and the sordid details are common knowledge.

Of IIT-M

Campus comparisons, the first step in any line of strategy, leaves us quits. Just give us the deer and the forest and you can have the wide open spaces. No cramped-up apartment-dwellers are we, but one day's trudging and some were ready to run screaming home to the comfort of their disreputable bone-shakers—if they could get out of the campus, that is. For the girls, it was a hitch-hikers' paradise. Lifts were easy from professors in powerful foreign cars and Peter Fonda fans alike. (Maybe it was the KGP smile that did it.) Honestly those fearful distances must be making strangers of you all—separating metallurgist from meteorologist and chemist from carpenter. I hope it isn't only the eighth time you've all met!

Of the Meet:

Colourful, grand spectacular or just plain preliminary to other matters on hand, the

opening ceremony is like a childhood disease—inescapable. Four tense days followed which were a culmination of hopes, speculations, and efforts. Winning or losing, each day held its own trials and tribulations. Till the last trophy was given away, there was a battle to be fought. Not till then was the Meet over and the championship lost, a tradition shed away and the bitter outcome to be faced. The days in between were pleasant and enhanced by our privileged status as guests. The food, though a futile topic of conversation, was not of the kind to provoke violent reactions. Being typical of its location, it probably came as a nasty surprise to a few.

The campus had really set out to welcome us—or rather THEIR Meet. Che Guevara and his band of volunteers made the Boy Scouts look like a bunch of sulky brats.

In winding up, a little gas about the old times will be permitted, I think. The general feeling about Inter-IIT amongst many of the students is that it is the monopoly of KGP not only in points but also in participation and enthusiasm. Cynically, it has even been said that the Meet is held only to provide KGP with the satisfaction of winning. I have no doubt that ill-founded notions have been dispelled by the elaborate preparations and eager participation which welcomed the Meet in Madras. It was taken as a chance to prove their mettle by winning the events and by successful organization.

Well done and cuddle those trophies as much as you want. We will be back for them next year.

NANDINI NITYANANDA

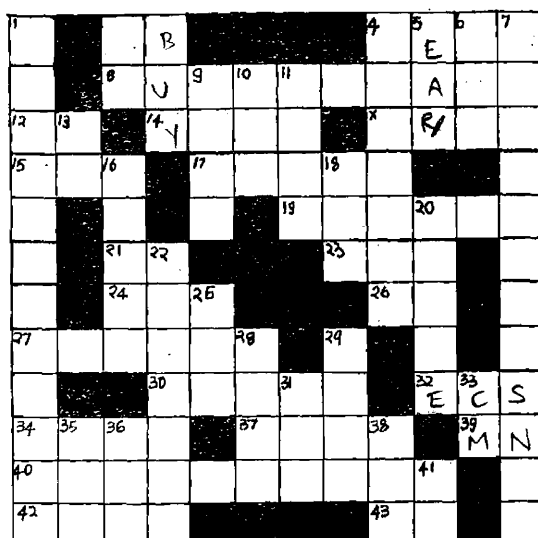
Across

- (2) Bum off everyone. Ask Jagannath (2)
- (4) What the Eastern asp ate (4)
- (8) The gallant elf lives to flog himself (10)
- (12) What a Cauverian would call himself (2)
- (14) What is the end for you (4)
- (X) Scorch at random his bottom (My, how rude!) (4)
- (15) The swine only eats (3)
- (17) He is holding up the world, man (5)
- (19) Stitches up the wound (6)
- (21) What a doc has in common with money order (2)
- (22) Relation messed around with ink (3)
- (24) Not you, it's an organization (3)
- (26) A litre needs M (2)
- (27) Necessitate zero and ten (6)
- (30) It was a near scrape for Brian (5)
- (32) The Eastern Company studying under Samuelson! (3)
- (35) A dot for this Lib tube (4)
- (37) Sing-Sing prison—not its wew (4)
- (39) Manganese in its smallest form (2)
- (40) Went up again (10)
- (42) Eagle in her net (4)
- (43) Ten cms turned up for Machine Drawing (2)

Down

- (1) Pam got a dose of their heat in the arena (12)
- (2) Pertaining to (2)
- (3) Centre of operation for the lecturers? (3)
- (4) Last in the picture of this synthetic material (7)
- (5) He got a drum in this organ! (3)
- (6) What the question needs (3)
- (7) A channel here and a channel there (12)
- (9) He's waiting for it to drop, to get into action (1, 3)
- (10) Procure (3)
- (11) Shippery, slimy worms! (4)
- (13) More at the beginning of a scramble (2)
- (16) whole series of recognised notes in the major diatonic scale (5)
- (18) What's a great sea-bird like this doing with the United Kingdom? (3)
- (20) Bob and Dave looking for a relation in a movie? (5)
- (22) He's working on a suit, no, on a box (2, 1, 6)
- (25) How you get an S or how Getty got all his dough (3)
- (28) Part with something in Carlos Esq (4)
- (29) Touch Shylock, he will—there's a pound at the finish (4)
- (31) Sebastian isn't complete without either guns or it—ask Quinn (3)
- (33) The Chief Minister, for good measure (2)
- (35) Remove five on top of six balls—incomplete (3)
- (36) And confused was the name for Betsy's owner (3)
- (38) Jewellery for Meg (3)
- (41) Pesticide gets no beverage for top man in Acad (2)

THE SQUARE DANCE



By
KHUN.